

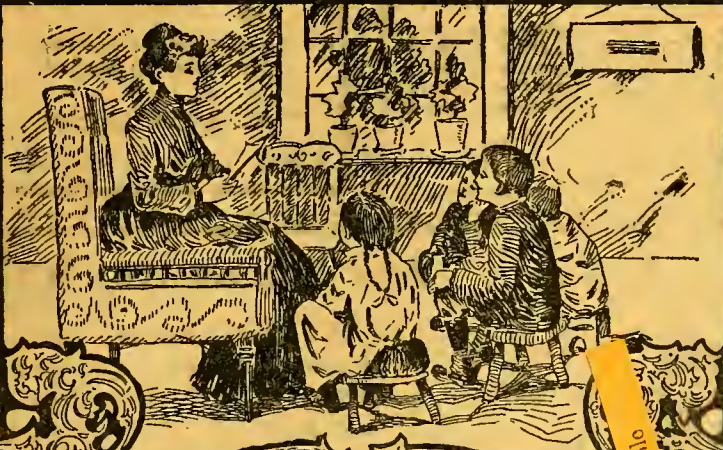
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Salt Lake Temple

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, OCTOBER 15, 1905.

No. 20

## WITH THE ELDERS.

### PART XVIII.—TO HIGH PARK WOOD.

**E**DWARD THE CONFESSOR, king of England, died in the year 1066. Thereupon the Witan, or council of England's chief

so historians tell us, there was in Normandy a strong duke named William, ambitious of gaining the English throne. He claimed that at one time, while visiting with Edward in England, the latter promised that the crown, at his death,



IN HIGH PARK WOOD.

men, assembled and in accordance with a dying wish of the Confessor, chose Harold, son of the famous Earl Goodwin, to be king of the nation. At this time,

should go to the Norman. William must have been somewhat suspicious of Harold's being chosen as Edward's successor, for prior to the king's death the Norman



duke accidentally captured Harold and exacted a "solemn promise" that he would be "William's man and help him to become king of England."

In the light of these "promises" we understand why William became enraged on hearing of the Witan's vote and of Harold's acceptance. He immediately demanded the throne and threatened to invade the island if it were not surrendered. But Harold simply replied that a forced oath could not be considered binding, and that he proposed abiding by the wishes of his nation's council. Naturally this precipitated war, and not long afterward, in the same year, was fought the terrific and decisive Battle of Hastings. Harold was killed and William the Conqueror was champion of the day. He then marched upon London, and on Christmas day, in the year 1066, at Westminster Abbey, was crowned king of England.

One of the very first things William did after being anointed king was to seize all land belonging to his opponents and redistribute it among the nobles who aided him in his conquests. However, let it be said to his credit, he first gave the English landlords an opportunity to obtain or redeem their estates by swearing allegiance to the new king, and paying "reasonable sums of money at once, or giving hostages for payment." As one would expect, not many of these sturdy English warriors yielded to the idea of acknowledging William as their ruler and from time to time they even revolted against his authority. These uprisings gave William excuse for confiscating more and more English estates with which to reward his loyal Norman supporters. So it was not many years before almost all the land of England was lorded over by a class of proud, haughty foreigners. Each of these large grants of land was called a fee or feud, and the

man to whom it was given was known as a tenant-in-chief.

These Normans carried things in a "high-handed" manner until Henry II came to the throne. He had a strong personality and never knew fatigue. His judgment from the first was sound and his energy hard to withstand. Bishop Stubbs informs us that by the expiration of his first year, "Henry had disarmed the feudal party and restored the regular administration of the country." The king also banished many of the wicked tenants-in-chief, destroyed their castles, and restored the feuds to descendants of the original owners. Consequently during the latter part of his reign, the English soil was owned by both Norman and English landlords, and by their descendants a very great part of it is held even to this day.

It is our good fortune this morning to visit one of these historic "feuds." We do so by virtue of an invitation from the good Saints of Eastwood. The distance from Nottingham to Hucknall Torkard is covered in a train and then we walk some two miles due west, through fields and along lanes, to a remnant of the once extensive Sherwood Forest. This remaining bit of the once famous forest is called High Park Wood and is on the vast estate belonging to Lord Cooper.

On entering the wood we are reminded of the old, old law, which still holds good, that "the forests were kept for the sake of the rich, and the poor, except under certain conditions, are forbidden to go in them." We begin to feel a bit uneasy, but on learning that Elders Hill and Hadley of Eastwood have obtained permission from Lord Cooper's agent for our party to enter and spend the day, our anxiety leaves and we have no fear of being brought before the courts for trespassing. Thanks be to Lord Cooper and to so many of the other English nobles of today for their kindness in allowing the

poor to share in the enjoyment of these extensive woods and parks.

Soon we locate the "camp" of Saints near a pretty, cool spring, bubbling from moss covered rocks in the shade of some tall, graceful trees. We refresh ourselves from the secluded "fountains" and are told that most likely Robin Hood and his merry associates, in days of old, camped near and drank from this spring. Even during this age, the place is called after him, for through the country it is known as Robin Hood's Spring.

After the greeting we take advantage of a little rest and then proceed to explore our new surroundings. The wood covers three hundred and seventy acres and is surrounded by an almost impenetrable picket hedge, and brush fence. It is kept solely as a hunting ground, consequently everything is kept in as natural a condition as possible. The trees, shrubs and bushes are so dense one could easily get lost in them. Many of the trees, we are sure, would count far "more than a hundred rings" and some quarters have never been cleared of the old, old timbers. A thick growth of grass, knee deep, mantles the whole place so completely that a square yard of bare ground would be hard to find, paths a rod wide have been cut in all directions, affording convenient avenues for the huntsman in search of the rabbit, fox or fowl. The beauty of these narrow, grassy lanes, overhung and shaded by wild branches of hardy trees, is

beyond all expression. You feel the coolness of the rich greens, the delicate mixture of shades and tints, and the sanctity of "God's first temple," but you cannot describe.

As we pass along these romantic walks we delight in the music of the birds, the tameness of the many rabbits and the whistle of the shy pheasants. We enjoy picking the luscious blackberries and wish the nuts were ripe enough to shake from their hanging places.

But it's time to stroll back. We are just in time. All are getting ready for the fine lunch prepared by the kind Eastwood sisters under some stately elm and ash trees. This being over we resort to an open space a few rods further back in the woods, and indulge in a lively game of pomp, pomp pull away! Next is a game of steal sticks, then hand ball and cricket, followed by the old English game, circle tag.

As "evening shades are gently falling, our entire party assemble again at the spring, where all join in a parting hymn.

Elder Sargent offers a prayer of thanksgiving for our splendid outing after which the Saints and Elders separate for their respective homes and fields of labor. By appointment we join the party going to Eastwood. Three-fourths of an hour's walk puts us there, and by that time we indeed feel well prepared for a pleasant journey into the land of dreams.

*Delbert W. Parratt.*



## IN OLD OHIO.

"FOR THE CAUSE OF TRUTH."



HE first breath of the morning touched the treetops. The birds sensed it, and one by one commenced their matin carols. Far

away in the east was a tint of gray, that gradually blushed into rose ere it changed to gleaming gold. The men in the forest knew that dawn was come, but they did not arise. It was too early to do the

chores and the hours spent in conversation were precious to each of them. The subjects of the previous night and many others were talked over. Daniel felt a thrill in his heart as he thought that soon he, too, might be called to preach the living word or, perchance, to aid in settling the new land that would in very deed be Zion to him.

All too soon the shafts of daylight came quivering through the leaves. The day would be hard and long. Neither knew where he would spend the next night. Daniel felt that it would not be at home. Both had faith that all would be well with them for they relied implicitly on the guidance of the Spirit in all that might transpire.

"Heigh ho!" said Daniel, as he stretched himself with a lazy yawn, "I must be milking the cows; that is, if father will let me. He may turn me out as soon as he sees me. I don't know what effect last night's proceedings may have had on him."

"Don't worry, Daniel. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'"

"I know that, and I am able to earn my own living; but I hate the thought of leaving home in this way. Why, Ezra, it seems sometimes as though I would rather die. Mere physical suffering is nothing compared with this."

"That is true. Yet you are not the only one who has had to give up all for the Gospel's sake. You will find some among the brethren, and sisters, too, whose trials have been harder than yours. What are your plans for the future?"

I haven't made any plans. I can tell more about them after I go to the house. I know what I should like to do. Where are you thinking of going today?"

"Back, the way I came."

"Why not go on?"

"They will be looking for me along the road at every clearing. It is safer to return than to go forward. I shall go by Ballantyne's through the timber, and no one will think of looking for me on the other side of his place. There is a cross road just this side of the Landing. I shall take that and make my way to Kirtland as best as I can. It is forty miles longer and at least forty miles less dangerous than the other way. Besides my principal object in coming here was to see you. Now that we are dressed, let us have a word of prayer before we separate."

They knelt together on the moss while the missionary prayed for the prosperity of the work with which each had cast his lot. He remembered the prophet in his trials and journeys, the missionaries and the persecuted Saints. But especially he prayed for Daniel, that he might have the courage and the strength to endure what was before him, and that the Lord would accept him as a useful instrument in spreading the gospel. When they arose there was a gleam in Daniel's eye, and he said:

"Ezra, I'll tell you what I want to do. I want to preach the Gospel if I am worthy of it. Now you go up the road a piece and wait for me. It may be sometime before I can come, but wait anyhow. I'm determined to bear my testimony to the folks before I leave. They have never given me a chance yet, and I feel that I must do it. I'll bring you something to eat if I can get it. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Daniel. The Lord be with you."

After the events of the night the Thompson household was weary. Daniel found no one stirring. He took the milk pail and went to the shed. Before long Mr. Thompson came out. He was surprised to see the boy at work, and made no reply to the cheery "Good morning." In the kitchen the mother and Hester



were getting breakfast. They took the milk in silence. Daniel felt that he was under a ban. For an instant he was stunned. His father's voice soon aroused him:

"Daniel, come here. I want to have a few words with you in private."

Father and son stood by the shed. The first rays of the summer sun from over the forest fell upon their bared heads with a benediction of peace. There was anything but peace in their hearts. Each felt that he had a hard duty to perform and wished it over. Mr. Thompson was the first to find voice.

"Daniel, where were you last night?"

"I went out to sleep on the hay."

"I know that, but where were you when the crowd came? You were not there then."

"No, sir! I was out in the brush."

"Why should you go there? Were you afraid? Were you alone?"

"No, sir."

"Who was with you?"

"A friend of mine—a Mr. Parry."

"What? Parry the Mormon missionary of whom I have heard?"

"Yes, that is the man."

"Where is he now?"

"Gone up the road."

"I thought as much. The mob was after him and I guess you'd have suffered, too, if you'd been caught. Now, Daniel, your actions, your disobedience of last night settles one thing. This can no longer be your home. You have made your own choice. So long as you cling to your fantastic belief your mother and I must disown you. God only knows how much it costs us to do it. We must do it for the sake of the younger children even more than for our own. Oh, how I wish that you had never left home to come out west! Go in now and get your breakfast. After that I may have a few words to say to you before you leave."

For the first time in the history of the new home morning prayers were omitted. Mr. Thompson was a long time in coming to the table, and when he did arrive he asked such a hurried blessing that all were astonished. It was known that this was Daniel's last meal. Very little was said, but the mother showed her heart by putting the choicest morsels on her son's plate. Then the women washed the dishes, speaking scarce a word the while. The men pushed back their chairs. They looked at each other, then at the floor. Daniel tried to frame his thoughts into words. It was a difficult task. At length he began:

"Father, do you remember that, when we were little children, you used to tell us about the burning of witches at Salem and the whipping of the Quakers?"

"Yes, my son," replied Mr. Thompson, surprised at the question.

"Do you remember that you said that the men who did these things were misguided and wrong and cruel because they never gave their innocent victims an opportunity to plead in their own behalf?"

"Did I say that?"

"Yes, sir! You said that very thing, and now you condemn me without a hearing. Every time I have tried to speak upon the subject of my faith you have commanded me to keep still, and I have obeyed. Is it just?"

"Why, I never thought of it in that light. Well, Daniel, if you want to say anything in defense of your conduct, speak on. I think you will find that you cannot change my mind."

"No, not in my own defense, but in defense of a religion, of a people whom you have judged from slanderous reports, of whom you know nothing."

"Maybe I don't, and maybe I do. Go on. I'll try to listen patiently."

"In the first place, there is nothing in our faith but what the Bible teaches."

"Then why do you have another Bible?"

"We have not. I'll come to the Book of Mormon in due time. We believe in faith, in the Lord Jesus Christ, in repentance, in baptism and in the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. In short, we believe in that which was held sacred in the days of the Apostles, and in living the lives of the early Christians. This gospel, that has since been changed and corrupted by man, has been restored, by the grace of God, through the instrumentality of the prophet, Joseph Smith."

"Not so fast, Daniel. What do you mean by the gift of the Holy Ghost?"

"The gift of the Holy Ghost is a promise to you and to me, as essential to our salvation as it was to that of the early church. Get your Bible and turn to Acts and read what Peter said on the day of Pentecost. Now to whom is that promise made? Is there any limit of time or space or nationality?"

"Not from the wording of it. Yet we have no need of this today. Revelation ceased with the Bible, and some special blessings were bestowed and miracles performed in Apostolic times to lead men to believe. Such things are unnecessary now."

"The Lord has never said that revelation has ceased. On the contrary wherever and whenever He has had a chosen people He has revealed Himself to them through His servants, the prophets."

"Prophets again! You call your man, Smith, a prophet. What claim has he to this title? Your common sense ought to tell you that the day of prophets is past. I can tell you of one prophecy in the Bible that is being fulfilled and that is that in the last days false prophets shall arise. Did you never hear of the Anabaptist prophets, of Münster and Zwickaw, and of their miserable end. So it will be with your prophet. I only hope that you

will come to your right mind before you share his fate. Perhaps he is a second mother Ann Shipton. Some of her prophecies have been wonderfully fulfilled."

"Well, since you quote Bible to me, I'll quote Bible to you. Peter says: 'Prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' Now turn to the Prophet Joel, one of the very men of whom Peter spoke, and read what he says will happen in the last days, and these are the last days. I tell you in all earnestness that the words of Joel are being literally fulfilled."

"Bosh! Rubbish! Why, boy, you must be insane. If Joseph Smith is a prophet why doesn't he keep the laws of the land? Why doesn't he see far enough ahead to escape arrest? I understand that several charges have been preferred against him, and that he has been arrested."

"You might ask the same question about Paul or Peter, or the Savior Himself. The prophet does keep the law of the land. What you say about charges against him and his arrest is perfectly true, and therein comes one of the greatest proofs that he is under divine protection. Why, an eminent lawyer, whom he did not know, was inspired by night to come to his assistance. This lawyer is not a member of the Church, but he followed the promptings of the Spirit and succeeded in clearing Brother Joseph of the charges against him, in the face of a whole court room of opposition. Don't you call that a miracle?"

"More apocryphal than miraculous, I should say."

"What greater proof do you need that this is the work of the Lord than the storm of persecution that is raised against it?"

"That is not to the point. How did Smith get his power and the authority to



establish his church? Come, now; prove that he has had a revelation."

With a prayer in his heart that he might remember all that Parry and Elder Johnson had told him, Daniel rehearsed the simple story of the prophet's boyhood days. He told of his doubts, his faith, of his confidence in the promise of the Lord. He spoke of the lonely hours in the wood and of the struggle with all the powers of darkness; then of the glorious vision that burst upon the astonished lad. At this point his father interrupted him.

"Say that again, Daniel."

"The Father and the Son, in the glory of the heavens appeared to him, and the Father said—"

"Do you mean to tell me that the boy, Joseph Smith, saw God?"

"I do. He saw Him as plainly as I see you this very moment."

"Blasphemy! Arrant blasphemy! This is worse than anything I ever dreamed of. Why, Daniel, have you forgotten the catechism that you learned at your mother's knee: 'God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth?'"

"The catechism is not the Bible."

"Well, the Bible then, 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'"

"Yes, and the Bible says that God walked in the garden. He talked to Adam, to Noah, to Abraham. He showed Himself to Moses. He—"

"Not another word! What, you dare argue with your father? I won't have this blasphemy in my house. I will not waste time listening to it."

"Father, your word is law. I have always tried to be an obedient and dutiful son, but I cannot go against my conscience. I bear you my solemn testimony that I have told you the truth; that the Gospel is restored to earth, and that

Joseph Smith is a prophet of the Lord. You may not believe it now, but you will believe it sometime; if not in this world, then in the next. Now I must be going."

"Stop a moment, Daniel. I have a word to say to you on another subject. Natural affection for a son would prompt me to do more, but you have forfeited all claim to that title through your wilfulness. In common justice, as man to man, I can do no less. Your mother and I talked it all over last night. I understand that you have secured this clearing in my name?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have spent most of your time since you came west in clearing and improving it. Then you have worked here all summer without wages, to say nothing of what you did before you left home."

"I have always tried to do my best for you and for all of us."

"I know that, and I cannot turn you out penniless. It would not be right. Go to the barn and take the team and wagon. No, not a word! I have another team in prospect and shall probably get it today or tomorrow. And here—"the father fumbled in his pocket," here are ten dollars to help you on your way."

"But, father, this is too much. Really I don't need it as much as you do."

"I insist upon your taking it. I shall not feel right about the matter unless you do so. You understand that is all you can expect from me unless you change your course. That is all."

Daniel arose with tears moistening his cheeks.

"Mother," said he, "may I take some lunch?"

"You know where the cupboard is," answered Hester.

His mother put up his dinner with her own hands. A kiss on her cheek, a lump in his throat and he was at the door.

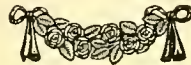
"Daniel," cried Mr. Thompson, "when

you give up these awful notions come back to us and you shall receive a son's welcome. Remember, you go for a will-o' the wisp, for a monstrous belief, for a fanatical faith. I don't doubt your present sincerity, but I warn you that your course will lead to eternal death."

The young man turned, and slowly replied in tones of humility mingled with deepest conviction:

"I go for the cause of truth."

He never knew it, but all day long the father sat with head buried in his hands, moaning to himself: "Would God I had died for thee. Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" He never knew it, but his mother, with blinded eyes, stood at the window and threw kisses toward him long after the wagon had disappeared from view.

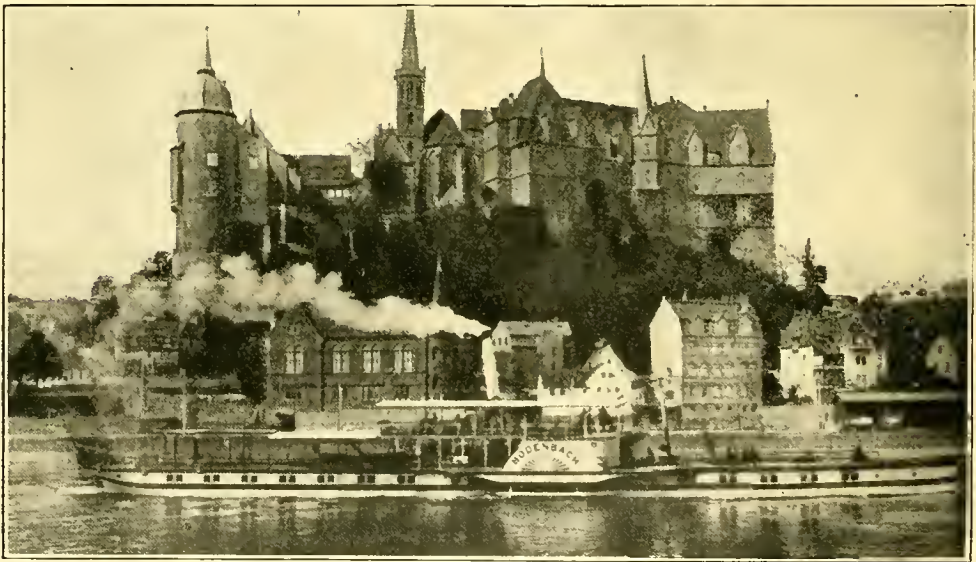


### MEISSEN AND ITS ROYAL PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY.

**L**EAVING Leipzig, on an early train, one cool morning in August, 1904, in about three hours we reached Meissen. This is one of the most ancient towns of Saxony. It was founded about 1090, and is most picturesquely situated at the inflow of the Trie bisch and the Mussi Rivers into the

Elbe, which is here spanned by two bridges.

Meissen has a population of about twenty thousand. It seems only a short distance through the centre of the town, on the street car, to the Porcelain Factory, though it is in reality one and a half miles. The factory is visited annually by



MEISSEN.



many thousands who come from all over the world to see the manufacture of the world-wide celebrated Dresden China, as it is called, though manufactured here at Meissen.

The factory is of great dimensions, and employs from seven to eight hundred workmen. It is now established in the *Trie bisch*, not far from the *Grosser Market* (great market). It was founded in 1700, the year after *Bottger* discovered the art of making china. (He died in 1719, but in the *Neugasse*). Here are the most beautiful displays of costly decorated china, both for table service and in groups of ornamented designs, in the world. By the payment of a fee visitors are taken by a guide through both the display and manufacturing rooms.

More men than women are employed, but the coarse first work is done by men alone.

It is wonderful to see how the handles

are put on the dainty china cups, and to understand their different bakings, and how their size is reduced thereby, and how delicately they must be handled.

The ladies of society, when they drink their tea, have no idea of the hollow, hungry eyed artist, who deftly adds the ornaments and handles, to the delicate tea cups. Some of the employees are lame, all sallow and weary looking, bending over their work. This too is skilled labor, but it is paid for but poorly. Then there is the artist who reproduces the colors of earth and sky to further enhance the beauty of the workmanship of his hands; then the laborer in the rough product. All materials come from the earth, but by the knowledge of man (God given), they are purified, crystalized and brought to an almost perfect state, and nowhere is this made more apparent than at the Royal Porcelain Manufactory at Meissen.

Not far from the *Elbe* is the house



PORCELAIN WARE FROM THE MEISSEN FACTORY.

where our Karl G. Maeser was born. We were much pleased to visit this, the scene of his birth, knowing what a great educator he had been in Utah. His father was employed in the factory as a painter, but evidently his mind had turned to other fields, for it is said of him that he once

said, speaking to Karl of a beautiful painting of fruit, the product of his own hand: "Thereby hangs a tale; this shows what your father might have been had he not had to paint for a living." Did not his aspirations find, in his son, their fulfillment, though in another field of thought?



PAINTING BY DR. KARL G. MAESER'S FATHER.



Hemeich Platz (a little park) is a fountain figure of Henry I and the Franciscan Church. It is market day, and the walk back through the town fully repays me, the market scenes and street scenes are so instructive. The display of edibles is fine, in fact it is a typical German market. To enter some of the stores one has to descend a few steps. Some of the houses are old, their architecture being of the past.

It does one good to see the odd looking, fat market women, with their round good natured faces. They are very noticeable in their quaint attire. Their laugh is hearty, and their "jah, jah" or "och nein" belong wholly to the German race.

The Cathedral and castle are situated advantageously, high up on the hill. The cathedral was founded early in the thirteenth century, but not completed until two centuries later. The southeast tower

with its elegant spire, dates from the fifteenth century.

The Albrechtburg, erected in 1471-83, by the brothers Ernest and Albert, is one of the largest castles of that time. From 1710 to 1864, it was occupied by the Royal Porcelain factory. Since 1873, it has been restored by modern German artists. It commands a very fine view of the town and the surrounding hills, and from which the Elbe looks beautiful. Among several points of view, in the environs of Meissen, are the steam boat stations between Dresden and Meissen.

The Messa or annual fair is on, and along the river banks are displayed the cheap, fancy goods and wares, their specialties. The Punch and Judy show, the Merry-go-round, and all such attractions are in strong evidence. In these Messas (which visit every German city in the fall) the German heart takes great delight.

*Lydia D. Alder.*



## THE SCHOOL ROOM AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

**A**N important physical condition of easy control is a pleasant school room and attractive surroundings. The connection between physical environment and human conduct is very intimate; other things being equal, the more attractive one's surroundings, the higher will be his aspirations and the easier their attainment. It is not meant that physical environment determines conduct of character; for history is full of examples of high achievement without a favoring environment, and also sad failures with the most helpful surroundings. But while human life has its casual principle within the individual, its activity

is greatly influenced by external conditions.

It is doubtless within the truth to assert, that the more favorable one's environments, the easier will be his success in right living, and this is specially true in childhood.

All thoughtful parents and teachers recognize the importance of right influences in the training of the young, but few comparatively attach sufficient importance to attractive and helpful physical conditions. The beneficent influence of a beautiful school room has been experienced by many of us as time has gone by, by changing the primitive

school buildings to modern ones, also the influence that has been felt by transforming the cold and barren walls of the primitive buildings into a bower of beauty when the approach of summer permitted; and as beauty came in mischief went out.

The grounds of the school building should be made as attractive as possible under the circumstances the school is placed. If it be in a city of fine dwellings and cultivated lawns and shrubbery, then follow the same plan with the school grounds by having lawns, shrubbery and trees to make it as inviting or more so than the homes they have left. In summer have seats provided near the school house, so that those who have a tendency to remain outside may be within hearing of the sounds of inspiring influences that will emanate from the house of worship, and where they may be invited into the school.

On the other hand, if we are building up a new country, see to it that the school building takes the lead in attractiveness, otherwise the child will be induced to go elsewhere, where such attractions are to be found.

How many of us would think of ornamenting the interior of our dwellings by hanging on the walls frameless pictures. We would not be disposed to do so, we would secure frames for those pictures. And so it is with the school house. The house is the picture, and let it be ornamented by putting a frame around it of trees, flowers and shrubbery, and the grounds neatly laid out, with winding walks from gates to doorways.

On entering the school room we should be impressed with its cleanliness and the interior arrangement of the building. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and favors purity of life. Sufficient time should be taken by the janitor to have the seats well dusted, that the clothing of the children will not be soiled, that they may sit at ease and not have their thoughts drawn to the

condition their clothing will be in when they return home, for some parents are very particular about the condition of their children's clothing. The necessary hooks and racks for hanging hats and other clothing not worn inside should be provided.

Another physical condition of easy control worthy of consideration here is proper heating and ventilation. Too high or too low a temperature causes restlessness, distracts attention, and lessens the desire to attend school. There is some difference of opinion respecting the proper temperature of a school room, the temperature recommended ranging from 66 to 72 degrees. Closely connected with heating is ventilation—the supplying the school room with needed pure air. Pure air promotes both physical and moral vigor; impure air lowers the energy of the body and enervates the will. It occasions such physical discomforts as dullness, drowsiness, headache, etc. And these unhappy effects should be avoided. The house should be filled with fresh air early in the morning, by having the doors and windows opened and then the room heated to the right temperature.

Each ward school ought to be provided with a sufficient number of class rooms, that all pupils may be comfortably seated in their respective grades. This part of the work should be done with the greatest care and consideration, as it is one of the means of securing a greater average attendance.

Every room should contain portraits of men and women who have been the means of establishing and leading the Latter-day work. If we cannot have the persons themselves in our midst, then it is our duty to have their portraits before the children, that they may become familiar with their faces, and many a lesson can be taught to the children by



showing them the portraits of men and women who have lived and died for the cause of truth. And these lessons will never be forgotten.'

How many of the children who attend the district schools can tell you, when they see the picture of Washington, Franklin and others, who they are and what they have done? How many of the Sunday School children would recognize the picture of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum? How many are familiar with the pictures of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, Martin Harris and President Brigham Young, and many others who might be mentioned? If these and many others were within reach in our schools, how many lessons might be taught of the work these men have done, which lessons would have an everlasting effect.

When we step into the great art galleries of the world, what do we see there? Paintings of the great men of the world who have been heroes in battles, great reformers religiously and educationally; and when you leave these institutions these portraits are before you, and you are led to think of the great work they have done. And it should be so in our Sabbath Schools. Let us have more of these pictures in the school rooms, so that the children may think of the great work these men have done.

In the season of flowers have some brought into the school room to make it appear more homelike and break the monotony of bare tables, windows, and stands. All these have their effect for good.

In conclusion, I will say, let the superintendents, officers and teachers be found in their places when the pupils come, with their thoughts upon Sunday School work, with a feeling of love that can be seen and felt by those with whom they are associated. The fact remains, that the two essential principles of obedience are love to God and love to man; and all duty flows from the dual source. Obedience is the fulfilling of the law, and that law is love.

Authority without love is despotism; and generally obedience without love is serfdom. Obedience inspired by love is liberty. In the last analysis, duty is obedience to the will of God; and the voice of duty is the voice of God in the soul. Love to God makes obedience the highest freedom, and through such obedience the will is made truly free. This truth is happily expressed by Longfellow in the following lines:

To will what God doth will,  
That is the only science  
That gives us rest.

*Lorenzo E. Tibbitts.*



Work is not a man's punishment; it is his reward, and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.

The great question is not so much what money you have in your pocket, as what you will buy with it.

Tibet is reported by the geologist who accompanied the British commission to that

country to be strikingly poor in valuable minerals. The largest yield of gold was .28 grains to a ton of gravel, and there was no trace of coal or indigenous gems.

In the Czar's palace, Tsarkoe, near St. Petersburg, one room has a floor of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another has walls of carved amber and the walls of another are laid with beaten gold.

## GO, YE MESSENGERS OF GLORY.

Words by John Taylor.

Music by J. G. Fones.

*Cheerfully.*

Go, ye mes - sen - gers of glory; Run ye le - gates of the

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Skies; Go and tell the pleasing sto - ry, That a glor - ious

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

an - gel flies, Great and mighty, Great and mighty, With a

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

mes - sage from the skies, With a mes - sage from the skies.

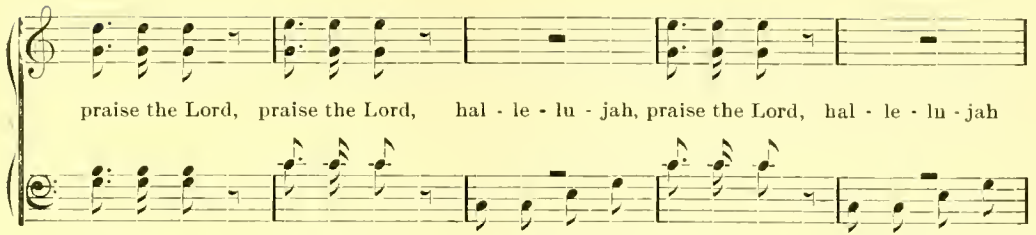
The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

*Cheerfully, after last verse.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord,

The fifth system is in 2/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.





Go to every tribe and nation,  
Visit every land and clime,  
Sound to all the proclamation,  
Tell to all the truth sublime,  
That the Gospel  
Does in ancient glory shine.

Go! to all the Gospel carry,  
Let the joyful news abound:  
Go! till every nation hear ye,

Jew and Gentile hear the sound:  
Let the Gospel  
Echo all the earth around.

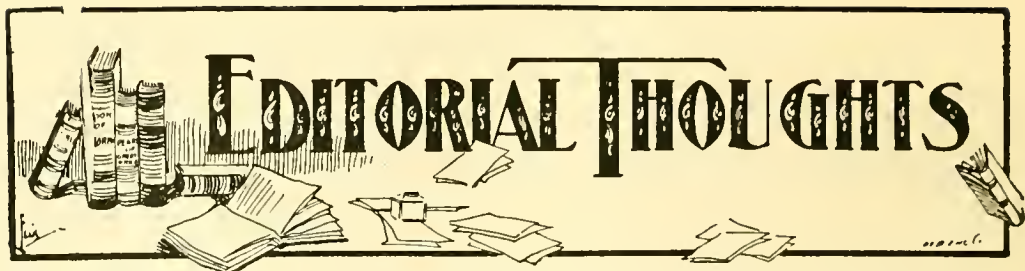
Bearing seed of heavenly virtue,  
Scatter it o'er all the earth;  
Go! Jehovah will support you,  
Gather all the sheaves of worth:  
Then, with Jesus,  
Reign in glory on the earth.



#### PRESENCE OF MIND.

It is a common practice when persons are in an open carriage for them to throw themselves out if the horse runs away, not recognizing the fact that they can but be thrown off at last, and the farther the horse goes the less speed he can maintain, and that in all probability he may stop without causing any serious accident. When some silly person cries fire in a theatre, the result usually is that the majority of people rush to the exits and block them up, and are injured or even killed, whereas those who have the presence of mind to sit quietly, emerge

uninjured. When the rower for a pleasure party in a small boat loses an oar, or if the boat itself comes in contact with another, some person jumps into an erect position, raising the centre of gravity, and overturning the boat, whereas all would have been in perfect safety had all seats been retained. These are but a few of the accidents arising from the want of the valuable faculty known as presence of mind, which may possibly be cultivated if persons would but habitually consider what they ought to do if certain contingencies should occur.—*Exchange.*



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - OCTOBER 15, 1905

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## A DUTY OF THE WELL-TO-DO.

**I**N the title of this article, the expression well-to-do has been used in preference to the word rich, because most of those who by common consent are denominated rich would probably decline the title. There are duties which those in the possession of wealth fail to recognize, that are so manifestly and rightfully expected of them, that they are constantly disappointing public expectations and social obligations. They either selfishly or ignorantly ignore a plain duty.

Wealth is the result of production and the market. Every product of human

ingenuity would be valueless without a market; and markets are made by the public, so that one's social environment plays a great part in the accumulation of money. A man who sees in his possessions the products merely of his genius has a vision obscured by selfish egotism. Society contributes to the possessions of every man, but to the possessions of the rich its contributions are enormous.

Now the question naturally arises, has the public, upon whose purchasing power wealth is so extensively acquired, any right to expect liberal consideration at the hands of those who have been the beneficiaries of public patronage? Legally men may be compelled to contribute something to the public good through the medium of taxation. In addition, however, to the meager claim that the law lays upon wealth, there is a moral obligation of the rich to be above all men public spirited and generous in the distribution of their wealth, especially to the Church and those educational and charitable institutions that are dependent upon the free-will offerings of those competent to render substantial assistance. If those well-to-do observed conscientiously the law of God in the payment of their tithes and offerings, they would perform more truly the public obligations that devolve upon them than they now observe by holding their wealth for speculation and family aggrandisement.

There is a growing conviction among the Latter-day Saints that a moral obligation rests upon those who in life, by the public aid and public opportunities,



have acquired wealth, to remember the public and the public needs in their death. The Church has now established an extensive and very efficient system of schools. The contributions by these schools to the needs of the Church in the future would be very much enlarged if they were remembered by those having any considerable means at their command. We also have temples, a hospital, and charitable institutions that would be greatly benefited if remembered by those who are naturally expected to render assistance. Lastly, men might more confidently expect divine favor upon their families and the generation which will follow them by fulfilling what is plainly an obligation to do that which God has given them the ability to do.



#### THE NICKEL FUND.

OCTOBER 29th is the date fixed for the collection of the nickel fund. Envelopes have been sent out as usual and the superintendents are earnestly requested to give the matter their early attention. Our methods of work and system of training make this fund yearly more necessary, as well as more valuable to the Sabbath Schools. It is difficult to imagine how money can be more judiciously and helpfully expended than in the religious education of our children on the Sabbath day. Our improved conditions demand a greater expenditure of money as well as of effort.

The universal response of the children to the nickel fund will also be a means of increasing as well as creating an appreciation in them for what the Sunday School is doing to promote their welfare and happiness. The superintendents may wisely inculcate a spirit of generosity by helping the children to understand that it is better to give than to receive; and

that, after all, what they do for the Sunday School is very small when compared with what the Sunday School does for them and for the children of the schools organized in our missions throughout the world.

Class teachers should give some time to the inculcation of the principle of generosity, should tell young people how unhappy men and women are who are really selfish. The principle should be taken into the home and into all the associations of childhood and the children shown the value of generosity to one another.

No selfish purposes are served by the nickel fund. It is one of those contributions that bring rewards a thousand fold. Let each school aim to make its fund grow with each successive year.



#### VOLUME III, CHURCH HISTORY.

STUDENTS of Church history will learn with pleasure that volume three of the History of the Church is now in the market, and can be purchased at the same low price as the previous volumes.

This volume carries the reader through the most troublous and pathetic period of the history of the "Mormon" people, culminating in the expulsion of the Saints from the State of Missouri, and chronicles the events which led to the settlement of the Saints in Illinois. It is a story, in some respects, unparalleled in the history of the world, of suffering for conscience sake on the one hand, and blind, brutal bigotry and savage, murderous intolerance on the other; though it must be admitted that all the atrocities committed by the Missouri mobbers did not grow out of religious fanaticism, there were baser motives—lust, greed, political bloodthirstiness, underlying many of their outrages and that urged

them on to the commission of the myriad wrongs that this volume describes. No Latter-day Saint should be ignorant of the true history of his own people, especially when so much has been written by sympathizers with the aggressors, misrepresenting the facts, in the endeavor to cast the odium of these troubles on the innocent sufferers, much on the principle of knocking a man down, then kicking him for falling.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store has these volumes on sale.



#### OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTIONS.

MOST of this year's Conventions are now things of the past; they, however, carry with them many pleasant memories. Undoubtedly they have done much good in unifying and solidifying our Sunday School work. Many excellent papers have been read some of which have already been published in the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and others will be. The chief regret of the General Board is that more of its members have not been able to attend these instructive reunions, but sickness, numerous other

calls, and divers other causes, have prevented a more numerous attendance from that controlling body. Next year other arrangements will be made with the hope of further increasing the power for good and the saving influence of our schools. Of this due notice will be given with essential details as to methods and programs.

There are, however, a few more conventions to be held before the year closes, of these the following will be held: St. Joseph, at Thatcher, Saturday and Sunday, October 21 and 22; Maricopa, at Mesa City, Wednesday, October 25; St. Johns and Snowflake, at St. Johns, Saturday and Sunday, October 28 and 29.



#### A REMINDER.

WE trust that Sunday School workers visiting Salt Lake City will not forget that the Union holds in its headquarters a comfortable room at their disposal, and also that it carries Sunday School and Church works and other necessary supplies for the equipment of up-to-date, twentieth century Sunday Schools. Church school officers and students may also be benefitted by acting on this hint.



### CURRENT TOPICS.

#### PATENT MEDICINES.



RECENT chemical analysis of patent medicines by order of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue discloses the astonishing fact that many of our patent medicines are composed of distilled spirits. That

these medicines have been a cause of the liquor habit in many has been carefully determined. It appears from the analysis that much of the patent medicine has nothing in it of any medicinal value; and the fact that it is a mixture of liquor and other ingredients does not remove the ob-



jection that its effect is purely that of alcohol.

Hereafter the Commissioner of Internal Revenue will require that samples of patent medicines be submitted for analysis together with a statement of their ingredients. If those ingredients other than the liquor be found to possess no medicinal value, the dealers in them will be required to pay a retail liquor license.

Instances have been given where children early in life through the use of patent medicines have been given the liquor habit; and in one case the doctor was called in by a clergyman who was found to have acquired the habit of drink by the use of such medicines.

As these patent medicines are advertised in the most respectable journals and newspapers, it will be seen that they are really giving their support to the sale of distilled liquors. The returns of patent medicines are so enormous that their manufacturers can afford to pay the newspapers liberally for advertising them.

Many people are duped into the belief that they have enjoyed physical relief from the use of such medicines whose only results were the exhilarating and stimulating effects of the alcohol which they contained. Under such stimulating influences, people have given glowing testimonials which are sent broadcast over the land. When the stimulating effects of the liquor left their systems, they have been in a worse condition than ever. People are now taking patent medicines with an air of respectability who would not think of discrediting themselves by going into a dram shop and ordering a drink of liquor over the bar.

It is to be feared that too many of our people are becoming the victims of patented whiskey. It is not unlikely that some patent medicines really have medicinal qualities, but they now carry with them such potent danger that people

should be warned against the evils they are creating.



#### THE TREATY OF PEACE AND THE QUESTION OF INDEMNITY.

AMONG those who sympathized with Japan in the late war there was a general feeling of disappointment over Japan's failure to obtain a money indemnity. The expense of the great contest had footed up something like a billion dollars in Japanese expenditures. It should not, however, be thought that because an indemnity did not come to the Japanese in fixed amounts of dollars and cents that they received no returns in money for war expenditures.

A glance at what Japan really obtained will correct a popular mistake in that regard. In the first place, the Japs obtained railroads worth to them one hundred and fifty million. The fishing concessions along Russian territory in eastern Asia has been estimated to be worth ten millions a year and one hundred millions has been thought a reasonable amount for such concessions. The Yantan and Fushan coal mines are said to be worth easily two hundred and fifty millions. The warships which Russia lost are estimated at one hundred and thirteen million. Experts say that out of these the Japanese will get fully seventy-five million. From these four items we have \$575,000,000. No exact value can be put upon the rich coal and iron mines of the southern half of Sakhalin, but they are certainly worth many millions. Again, Russia expended several millions in the construction of Port Arthur and in the erection of the seaport town Daluy. Should these ever be returned to China, the Japanese will demand many millions for the concession.

It will be seen from the above list of valuables that Japan did not leave the

peace conference at Portsmouth wholly without indemnity. The greatest item, however, in the peace conference was what Japan saved. Russia might not seriously object so much to the loss of human life in holding out against Japan, but the latter country could not afford to lose unnecessarily a single man.

Now that Russia has been forced to get out of Manchuria, that country will be exploited by the Japanese and become a fertile field for their operations in agriculture, mining, and manufacturing industries. In the matter of developing the industrial life of Manchuria, the Japanese will be at a great advantage over Russia and need every available man for the work.

Besides, a continuation of the war would have given the Japanese no assurance of a money indemnity. To drive the Russians out of Vladivostok and back beyond Lake Baikal would have cost the Japanese more money than the Russian territory she would have gained thereby would have been worth. The treaty is not so bad after all and the superior foresight of the Japanese will be more appreciated as time vindicates the wisdom of their policy.

#### **POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE JEWS IN NEW YORK.**

On the 20th of September, Dr. Melvil Dewey tendered his resignation as State Librarian at Albany. In connection with his official position, Dr. Dewey had established, perhaps, the leading school in this

country for the education of librarians. He stood in the front ranks of his profession and has enjoyed for the last ten years a very eminent position among the leading librarians in this country.

A little more than a year ago Dr. Dewey, who was an officer of the Lake Placid Club, allowed a circular to be issued that Jews would not be permitted at the hotel which was conducted by this Club. The issuance of this pamphlet created a strong resentment among many Jews of New York who clamored for the resignation of Dr. Dewey as State Librarian. They took the position that he as a State officer was receiving the emoluments of his office out of contributions made by the Jewish people through taxation. A great deal of discussion was indulged in pro and con, but the Jews were persistent in their demands; and after more than a year in which this discussion had been carried on Dr. Dewey has finally resigned.

It is said that his resignation comes about through political influence and not directly as the result of Jewish agitation. Whether the Jews have accomplished their avowed purpose directly or indirectly, it is certain that Jewish influence has been potent in his removal.

Within recent years there has been in certain places in New York pronounced antagonism to the social equality of Jews and Christians. The Jews are so powerful politically and financially in that state that they are able to resist, more or less, public manifestations of social hostility.



What a peculiar idea some have of charity and religion. According to them, to be charitable all that is needed is to be condescending. To be religious we must wear severe, gloomy expressions. What

a fallacy! Just try going through this world being happy and making others happy. You will then have learned the true principle of both charity and religion.



# KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT

*Edited by Donnette Smith Kesler and Rebecca Morris*

**FIRST SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5.**

Thought for the Teacher: Thanksgiving and gratitude.

As Thanksgiving day draws near, sometimes we ask the little ones what day is soon coming, and they usually answer "Turkey Day." Not only do the little ones think of it as turkey day but many grown people have the same idea that it is a day for great feasting. True, it is a day of feasting but not feasting alone. The very first Thanksgiving we had was a day set apart by the Pilgrims on which they one and all could give their heartfelt thanks to God for His providence and blessings to them. Think of the difference in the situation of the Pilgrims and our situation. They left their homes to come to an unknown land where they could worship God. There were no houses, stores or farms, no food, save the little they had with them. No people but the savage Indians who made their lives miserable. After hard efforts the soil was tilled and at length began to produce corn and vegetables. Think what a blessing that was to those hungry souls we might say! They did not fail to recognize the blessing either. Day after day they watched for the return of the ship that had been gone for so long. At length it came with provisions and some comforts and an advent like that did not draw their minds away from the thought that God had blessed them. A thanksgiving went up from every heart, but that was not enough, they felt it their pleasure to assemble and give their praise and thanksgiving to their Father who never forgot them in an hour of need.

To-day Thanksgiving is a day set apart

by the President of the United States for everyone to give their thanks to God.

"For this new morning with its light,  
For rest and shelter of the night;  
For health and food, for love and friends,  
For everything His goodness sends,  
We thank Thee, Heavenly Father."

1. Song, "Thumbs and Fingers say Good-morning." I. Smith 52.
2. The Lord's Prayer.
3. Summer Flowers are Sleepy. Hill 23.
4. Selected.
5. Morning Talk.

Do you remember in the summer when we came to Sunday School we did not need to wear warm clothes, for the sun was very warm then, but now we wear our wraps. The birds have gone from here to the happy, warm southland; the little flowers are sound asleep and the tiny insects too are having their winter rest. We have fires now in our stoves. The apples and pears are ripe and have been gathered from the trees, the potatoes have been dug from the ground, the squash and pumpkins are ready to cook. The farmer too has his corn and wheat in the barn and is making the sheds warm for the animals. What are all these things ready for? This time of year when so many things are ready for winter is the time when we should feel thankful. There are many people who have no homes, no dear mothers or fathers to love and care for them. But God loves and cares for them and tries to make them happy. Let us all sing the little song that says, "Father, Thou who carest," etc. Hill 16.

6. Bible Lesson. The Birth of Samuel.

There was once a good woman whose

name was Hannah who had no little children to love. She felt very badly for she wanted a little son. Her husband, Elkanah, was very good to her for he loved Hannah very much. One day she was crying and weeping many tears when her husband Elkanah asked her why she was weeping and why she did not eat food. She told him she felt badly because she had no child. She went to the temple and there she prayed to the Lord for a son, and she told Him that if He would remember her and give to her a son she would give this son back to the Lord all the days of his life. In the temple was a priest named Eli, who lived there all the time and he saw Hannah weeping and saw her lips moving and he thought she was drunk. Eli asked her why she did not put away the wine and not drink; she told him she was not drunk but that her heart was very sad and she was praying to the Lord for a son. Then Eli told her to rise and go to her home, and he asked God to grant her her wish.

Some time after that a little baby son was born to Hannah. Just think how glad she must have been when that baby boy was born, for always she had lived and prayed for a son. So she named him Samuel which meant he belonged to the Lord. Her husband Elkanah was also very glad and he went up to the house of the Lord to give thanks for the little baby boy. Hannah told her husband to go alone that she would not go until the baby was old enough to eat. So she cared for that dear baby; she nursed him at her breast just as your mothers nurse their babies; and little Samuel grew to be quite a large baby. One day his mother weaned him; she nursed him no longer but fed him food because he was getting so large. Then Hannah knew she must do what she had promised the Lord: she must take her little son to the house of the Lord and give him to the Lord. How

hard it must have been for her to give her baby away; but then she had promised and she took him in her arms and went up to the temple. And she told the Lord that she was the woman who prayed to Him for a son and that the son had been born and now she had brought him to the Lord. And then this mother knelt and thanked and praised the Heavenly Father. She sang a thanksgiving song and her voice was glad and happy as it sang of the many things that God could do.

**7. Rest Exercise. Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake. I. Smith**  
48.

Sing the first verse—it can be easily taught. You can suggest making the cookies for some poor children and sick children for Thanksgiving Day. Sing quickly and with spirit.

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake dear baby mine;  
(Pat the hands softly).

Make us a cookie so sweet and so fine,  
(Cut it out)

Roll it and knead it and put in a plum;  
(Do this)

That you can take twixt your finger and  
thumb,

(Hold the plums)

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, dear baby mine,  
Make us a cookie so sweet and so fine.

**8. "Those Good Cookies."**

"Dear grandma will you please make me some of those good cookies today?" said little Jane who was visiting at her grandma's house.

"Well my child I fear there is not enough flour here for cookies but you go to the store and get some and we shall have the cookies."

Grandma was scarcely through speaking before little Jane was out of the house and on her way to the store to buy flour.

"We are just out of flour my child," said the store man, "you will have to go to the mill for some." So off Jane started



for the mill where she found the miller busy cleaning the wheels in his mill.

"Please sir my grandma wants a sack of flour."

"Very sorry, said the miller, "but I have no flour left, the baker bought all I had and I can not grind more until the farmer brings more wheat."

"Well, well" said Jane, how hard it is to get flour, I guess I will have to go over to Farmer Brown for wheat."

So she went to Farmer Brown. He was busy sweeping out the granary and getting it ready for grain.

"Please Mr. Brown could you send some wheat to the miller to grind into flour so my grandma can get flour for cookies?"

"You have come for grain just at a time when I haven't any I am getting things ready for my grain but have not yet cut down the wheat" said farmer Brown, but if you will go for the cutters to come we will cut the wheat for the mill.

Little Jane was very anxious to have the flour, so over she went to get the cutters to help farmer Brown.

The cutters came with their long scythes and cut the wheat and stacked it up.

"I'll run to the mill and tell the miller the wheat is ready to grind," said Jane.

"Oh, but it is not ready," said Mr. Brown, "it must be threshed before it can be ground you know."

"Oh, how hard it is to get flour," said Jane, "so many many things have to be done."

"Yes little girl in order to have anything you must work hard for it."

"Here come the threshers and pretty soon now the wheat will be ready to grind."

Jane watched the busy threshers, they worked so fast and so hard. At last the wheat was all threshed and put into sacks ready for the mill. But before it could go to the mill the horses had to be gotten from the field and hitched to the wagon.

Then Mr. Brown put the sacks of wheat in and asked Jane if she would like to ride on top of all the wheat to the mill? Of course she enjoyed her ride and never forgot what fun it was.

The miller took the wheat and put it in the mill, the wheels went whirling around and ground that wheat into flour. Then it was put in nice white sacks and Mr. Brown paid the miller for his work and took the flour out to his wagon. When it was all in he lifted Jane up on the seat with him and away they went to the store. The store man bought the flour from the farmer and then Jane bought some of the store man and hurried home to her grandma.

"My goodness what a long time you have been gone," said grandma, "where have you been?"

Then Jane told her grandma how everyone had helped her so that they could have the flour and how they had hurried. Then grandma made the cookies, and oh, but they were good. Jane could only wish that every little boy and girl had some of them. So she saved some and took home to her baby brother the next week and she told him how everyone had helped her to get those cookies.

**9. " 'Tis God our Heavenly Father Who makes each little seed." Hill page.**

Teach this song to the children.

Who do you think makes the little seeds?

" 'Tis God our Heavenly Father,  
Who makes each little seed,  
And puts away within it.  
The tiny plant we need.  
And then He leaves us our part  
To find that plant within  
So when we add our work to His  
We find what is therein."

God makes the seeds and we plant them, then He sends His rain and sunshine and the seeds begin to grow.

**10. Closing.**

## GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES OF EARLY DAYS.

### CHAPTER XII.

**W**E must now move forward in our stories some sixteen years. It is no longer 1858, but 1876, and the scene of what I am now going to relate is not Salt Lake City, nor indeed Utah, but instead an isolated and unhabited section of Idaho.

For some time, now, I have made no mention of my brother Willie. He, like myself, had been growing; so that from a boy under eight in 1843 when we moved from DeKalb, Mississippi, he had sprung up into manhood, and was now past forty, a tall man with dark whiskers, already sprinkled with gray.

And what had he been doing all these years? For one thing, he had married and settled down, with a large family growing up around him. He had been doing pretty well, so far as getting a living was concerned; for he had made quite a lot of money off the very army that had come here to destroy the "Mormons," as indeed had many others. He had been working for President Young, and had risen from one place to another until he was a sub-contractor. Finally he engaged in various employments on his own responsibility, ending up with buying a farm in the neighborhood where the army camped, at Floyd.

It is said that about one million dollars worth of goods had been disposed of by the army in 1861, for one hundred thousand dollars. This meant that some of our people profited greatly by the coming of the United States troops. My brother Will, as we now called him, was one of these. Having a business head, he purchased a lot of goods of them and afterwards sold these to others in a different locality at a profit. Besides, he had been able meanwhile to improve his farm, to

buy more cattle and horses, to fence the land, to build a tolerable house, and plant and harvest large crops. In the part of the country where he lived, hay and grain brought an enormous price while the army was there, and as he had a great deal to sell, he grew rich for those days.

But he cared little, after all, for farming and business. He preferred to deal in cattle. As soon therefore as he got an opportunity to go into cattle-raising he determined to do so. The opportunity came in this manner:

Mr. Kasper, a man who had come out with the army, but who had been converted while here, came to my brother one day with a proposition to go to Idaho, about two hundred and fifty miles north from Salt Lake, for the purpose of raising stock. Kasper had considerable money, a wife and babies, and abundant daring to carry him through the world. His capital, and my brother's, he argued, would buy them an outfit and enough animals to give them a good start. As this was in line with Will's ambition, a bargain was struck right there. A little later he sold out everything and went with Mr. Kasper into a country as wild and desolate as Salt Lake Valley was when the pioneers entered it on the twenty-fourth of July, 1847.

All this happened about 1866, ten years before the time when the things occurred which I am going to relate now. Occasionally Will or Mr. Kasper would come to the city with news of how they were getting on. Once during such a visit of my brother's, about eight years after the two went up there first, he persuaded me to let your uncle Jesse go back with him to learn to be a cow-boy. As his father and I thought that harm would be no more likely to befall him there than with us, we let him go. He was then eighteen,

and past going to school, as our schools went in those days.

About a year after this, when Will was down on another trip, he induced me to go back with him. I was the more easily persuaded to do this since Mrs. Kasper's sister was going. Taking your uncle Edson with me, who was then between ten and eleven, we went to the Gem State, as it has since been called.

\* \* \* \* \*

And what a place that was! It was wilder, if possible, than our own before it was peopled by the Saints. The whole country round where my brother's ranch was located, was one great tract of prairie covered with sage bushes, and bunch grass, and hemmed in by low mountains, with a river flowing through the plain. The nearest town, almost the nearest house, was fully fifty miles below. The house, a long one built of logs, with six rooms side by side, nestled in a grove of trees near the foothills. A spring supplied the house with fresh, cool water and also served to irrigate the garden between it and the stables. Off to the right as you looked westward through the doorway were the large circular corrals made of poles fastened between pairs of posts by heavy wire. A small creek, lined with willows, ran past the house not far away, but it was usually dry all the year after June. And from the distant river there came a perpetual roar as the stream tumbled ferociously from the mouth of a canyon.

The wind used to blow there in the most frightful manner. Mrs. Kasper and my sister-in-law, when a wind storm threatened, would run with their children into the cellar, and hide from it. The men laughed at them for this precaution against the storm, but, as I tried it once with them, I'm not sure but this after all, was about the safest thing to do.

Bears, Indians, and drunken cow-boys

paid the house a visit once in a while. But as the men rarely left the women alone, there was no serious cause for alarm.

Once, however, while I was there, we were left alone, and as it happened got a fright. It was in the middle of the afternoon, and we saw something strange coming up the dry bed of the creek. It was neither man nor beast, we decided, and took accordingly a full proportion of fear. But we bravely watched it approaching the point opposite where the house stood, and saw—a great brown bear with a half-grown cub standing as unconcerned as you please on the mother's broad back. I suppose that she was going a long way and took this peculiar manner of resting her child. We had no reason to fear; for Mrs. Bruin went on without condescending to notice her curious and timid observers.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I was going to tell you of what happened to your uncle Jesse while I was up here on this cattle farm.

Well, Jesse was then nearing his twentieth birthday. Like his Uncle Will, he delighted in the life of a stock-raiser. He had always longed eagerly for the time, when, dressed in a pair of leather breeches—which he called by some name I have forgotten—a broad-brimmed hat—for which he had another unpronounceable name,—a pair of huge spurs strapped to his heels, coatless and vestless, with a red silk handkerchief tied around his neck, he could stride a fine horse, with long mane and tail, wearing a bridle made of braided hair, and high steel-horn saddle with stirrups that you could almost live in! And now he had his heart's wish; and having been here nearly two years occupying the saddle the whole day long and almost every day he was a perfect horseman.

One day we missed him. It was in a



time of the year when the men came home every night. And every night but this Jesse had come home. Where could he be? Had anything happened to him? My brother and Mr. Kasper tried to quiet my apprehensions by telling me that he knew every foot of the range, and that he would very likely be home during the night or next day at farthest. But I had very serious misgivings concerning him. I felt that he was alone, that he was without food, except the few pieces of bread and meat I had hastily tied up for him that morning early, in a handkerchief, and that, besides, he could not know "every foot" of the country—it was too big.

That night passed, as did also the next day and the night following, and yet no signs of my boy. I had scarcely slept a wink all this time. The men began to become alarmed I could see.

Next morning at daybreak all the men, —eight in number—set out to look for him. They came back at dusk without having learned anything concerning his whereabouts. On the following morning they renewed their search, but their disappointed faces, when nightfall brought them home, betokened their ill-success.

On the afternoon of the fourth day of Jesse's absence, two of the men returned with the horse my boy had been riding. They had found it, they said, about twelve miles up the river, saddled and bridled, the reins dragging under its feet. Behind the saddle was strapped his coat. The boys had gone up and down the river, but without finding any traces of the missing rider, or anything that might throw in sight any clue as to what had become of him.

I felt sure then, that my boy had fallen into the river, or been captured by some Indians.

That night the men decided to go next morning to the place where the horse had been found, with a view to making a sys-

tematic search along the river bank, which they did. This time they returned bearing my son's hat, leather breeches, spurs, his two revolvers, and other things.

There was no doubt now that Jesse was dead. Poor, poor boy!

How had they found these articles of his clothing? Having reached the place where his horse had been discovered, they proceeded to inspect the margin of the river up and down. Suddenly one of them saw some unusual objects on a sand bar almost beneath a high rock ledge. These were pieces of clothing. But how were they to get down to them? One of them would have to go down there, with one end of a rope tied round his waist to prevent him falling, and, more especially, to draw him up with. This they did, expecting to see the body of Jesse there sweltering in the hot sun. At a signal from the man thus let down they drew him up with the articles of clothing. There was no person on the sand-bar, though there were abundant footprints and indentations in the sand, of the human form in various positions, both of which were evident traces of some one in distress of mind.

Concluding that Jesse had either fallen into the river or that he had been drowned in an attempt to cross over to the other side, they had returned home disconsolate to bear me these evil tidings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three weeks passed away. All that was possible had been done to find my lost child. The men had exhausted every resource in vain. And I was preparing to leave for home in Salt Lake, heart-broken at the bereavement I had been called upon so unexpectedly to undergo since leaving there, when one morning some men entered the yard with my own Jesse!

I have heard of people falling dead from a sudden joy, and surely I can be-

lieve this after what I experienced at that moment. For I had like to have fallen in a death-swoon myself, as my lost boy stood before me. So thin and pale was he that I could scarcely believe that it was not his spirit which appeared, but it was he—my own Jesse—in flesh and blood.

As soon as we had recovered from our astonishment and he from his exertion of a long ride, Jesse related to us one of the most tragic stories I have ever heard.

"Early in the afternoon of the last day I left here," he began, "I was riding not far from the river. Being thirsty I thought I would get a drink, for in all probability I should not be so near water again today. Upon reaching the stream, I went up and down for a mile or so, looking for a suitable place to go down to the water. For all along here the river is walled in by high, ragged ledges of rock. Throwing the reins over the horse's head as a sign that he was not to go away, I began the descent.

"I stepped down from one outstanding rock to another till I found myself about twelve feet from the river. I could go no further, for the precipice, I found overhanging the stream. On learning this I thought to return, but in attempting to do so my foot slipped and I was plunged down to the bottom.

"Stunned a little by the fall, I gathered myself together, and began to look about me. I had fallen on a sand bar. How can I get out of this place? thought I. There was no use trying at the point where I fell, for the overhanging cliff would give me no hand or foot hold. I went down the river. The bar extended for about a rod. Below, the water looked treacherous. And the rocks still hung over me, high and unbroken. I retraced my steps to the place where I had descended, and beyond as far as I could go, which was a rod and a half. And the same outreaching wall forbade my scaling it!

"Up to this moment I had regarded my position as of little more than usual peril. But now that I had surveyed my narrow boundaries, an impenetrable wall of rock on one side and a "wicked" stream on the other, I sat me down to consider what I should do. I began to be alarmed.

"As I sat there on the sand I renewed my inspection of my surroundings. The river at this point was very wide, probably two stone-throws across, with dangerous whirlpools. The water was deep—how deep I could not guess—and rolled when it did not whirl, like huge cylinders. There was a bend at this place, and my view was cut off both above and below. On the opposite side stood the same threatening ledge of solid rock, so that even if I succeeded in reaching it through those eddying and revolving waves, I should be worse off than I was here.

"Long I sat there tormenting my ingenuity. But to no purpose. I might swim down the river; but I knew that I should be dashed to pieces in the rapids below. I might cut my 'shaps' into strips, fasten them together and throw them up over the rocky cliff in the hope that they might catch on a jagged edge of a projecting lava rock. This idea, too, I soon abandoned.

Meantime the sun was pouring down a flood of heat. I was getting ravenously hungry, too. Taking a drink of water I paced to and fro in my solitary prison. In this monotonous exercise, varied by sitting down to view my surroundings, or lying down to meditate on my situation, I passed the whole of that unutterably tedious afternoon.

"The sun sank, and it grew dark. The details of that hideous and never-ending night, I cannot express. At last, however, it did end, but the morning light only served to reveal new phases of my perilous condition.

"Weak from lack of food and from al-

most continuous walking, I grew faint. Knowing that if I ever got out alive by my own exertions, I must act while my strength remained; for I knew that I should waste away inch by inch, unless something happened to relieve me. But what could I do? Then for the thousandth time I reviewed my situation and called up again the same plans for my deliverance. But no new light came. My thoughts, like my physical surroundings, were limited.

"When the sun was about two or three hours high, I espied two men at work on an island above me in the river. Glorious sight! What inspiration and hope suddenly transported me! I had noticed the island before, but not a live figure had relieved the monotony. I jumped up from where I was sitting, and shouted. But I called in vain. The rush of the waters above and below me drowned my voice. I had hopes, however, of finally attracting their attention. Every now and then during that day I cried out till I was hoarse, and waved my hat till my hands ached. But there was no response! My eyes were riveted upon them for many hours; there was not a moment during that agonizing day when they were turned elsewhere. It was like the man the book speaks of whose punishment was that the water should recede beneath, and the fruit above him, whenever he attempted to drink or to taste.

"At last they left, and I was in the same helpless and hopeless condition as before. I was worse, because I was many hours hungrier, and more weary by a thousand hoarse cries and waving of the hand.

"Night came and and I thought I would go mad as I contemplated the gloomy prospect. But I slept most of the time, fitfully, dreaming betimes that I was at home.

"Next morning I renewed my distressing watch. How eagerly did my eyes dis-

cover the forms of those two miners! They seemed divine to my sight. I shouted, or tried to do so; but it died out in effort. I could not have been heard by them now, if the air had breathed no other sound.

"I grew desperate. Throwing off such of my clothing as I knew would encumber me, I determined to try to swim up the current. If I could only reach a certain point which I noticed, I would perhaps be able to make the men hear me. I knelt down and poured out my soul to God for aid. I had prayed a hundred times before, but not in this manner. If these men left I would certainly perish; I could not live another night, for they were food and drink to me. Committing myself to God's keeping, I plunged into the water.

"But I was too weak to beat against those strong undercurrents. Besides my clothes hindered me. So I came back to the bar, took off everything, not caring where I threw them, and plunged into the water again.

"Three times I almost gained the middle of the stream, but each time, noticing that I was losing the battle with the treacherous waters, I returned, reaching the lower end of the sand-bar, though I had entered the river from the upper.

"I tried swimming along the side where I was. By this means I reached a point from which I imagined I might gain the opposite outstanding ledge that I wished to reach. But this was a long and wearisome task. There was nothing for me to rest on; I had to hold to the rocks with my right hand, while with my left I contrived to keep my head from going under.

"Having reached my point on the east side of the river, I took hope. Exerting myself to my utmost, I made a dash for the opposite side, trusting to the Lord that I might reach it, for I knew that my



energy was wasting rapidly, whereas it would require an increase of strength.

"Madly did I fight the current. I tried to make every movement of a muscle count. Providentially I was pushing my way toward the ledge, but my heart sank within me as I saw that I should almost certainly miss it.

"At last my hand touched the rock. But my strength was gone. I could not raise myself to climb on it, though it was only a trifle above the water. I groaned a prayer to God that He would save my life. No sooner had I done this than I distinctly felt myself lifted upon the rock. And at that moment I fell away in a swoon.

"When I came to myself, I was in the hands of two men, who were laboring anxiously to revive me. I don't know how long it was—it must have been days—since I had been rescued. They had managed to keep me alive, though they told me afterwards that I was delirious.

"Their attention had been attracted to me at the time that I was being lifted up on the ledge. They came to me, and after careful nursing, I am again recovering.

"For which I shall praise God forever."

*John H. Evans.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## SELECTED VERSES.

### THE WORLD'S HEROES.

When the storms are on the ocean,  
When the waves are dashing high,  
And within the sinking ships are  
Fellow-men who soon must die,

There are heroes who, unmindful  
Of the price their toil may cost,  
Bravely hasten to the rescue  
Ere the sinking ship is lost.

There are heroes on the mountain  
Traversing the treacherous snow,  
Showing wanderers paths of safety  
Where but few would dare to go.

There are heroes in the battle  
Who, 'mid the sound of shot and shell,  
On land or on the ocean,  
Guard their flag and country well.

Yet there are full many heroes,  
Whom the world will never know,

Struggling silently and bravely  
As the ages come and go.

So we, on life's field of labor,  
While the years are gliding by,  
Though the world should never know us,  
May be heroes, you and I.



### SWINGING.

Swing, swing, under the apple tree,  
Down in the orchard when apples are red;  
Catch the rope tightly then up and away  
you go,  
Up to the green spreading boughs overhead.

Swing, swing under the apple tree,  
Up till you see the sky through the green;  
Down till your feet sweep the grass growing  
under you.  
Up, up again to the wide, leafy screen.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XVII.

Come gentle, peaceful sleep,  
 Into thy kind care take me;  
 All things at distance keep  
 That could disturb or wake me.  
 Come thou, dear friend, and for my need re-  
 main,  
 To rest, to strengthen me, and ease my pain.

Though much hath been to mar,  
 To hurt and bring me sorrow,  
 Thy subtle charm canst bar  
 Forebodings of tomorrow.  
 So vast thy measures are, so full and deep,  
 Worn "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

### A Change in Ted's Condition.—A Fine Order for Shoes.

**F**OR a week after the painful hurt which came so close to costing Ted his life, he slept nearly all the time. He would not waken even sufficiently to eat, and took so little nourishment that it worried the boys. For they could see that his face grew thinner and paler every day. And although Dr. Evers assured them that Ted was doing as well as he possibly could, that his wounds were all healing nicely, and that it was best for him in his present state, to sleep a great deal and eat but little, still it seemed to their young minds so unnatural a condition for a boy like Ted, that they almost constantly feared that he was slowly dying. They

would talk these things over, and sometimes think the doctor might be mistaken, as doctors could not always tell all about their patients, or that if Dr. Evers did understand Ted's case exactly, he might not think best to explain it all to them. But about the eighth day after the accident, a gradual change came to the wounded boy. He began slowly to brighten up, and to talk a little. Then, when food was offered him, he seemed to eat with great relish. And now this warning from the doctor came, "He must not be encouraged to talk, or allowed to eat much, or a relapse will follow this brightening up."

Ted understood these matters with remarkable clearness. Dr. Evers was greatly surprised at the intelligence which the boy manifested.

"You must remember he is not out of danger," the doctor said. "In fact, there is greater danger for him now than there has been."

"That's so, doctor!" Ted put in. "I must eat but very little until I am able to take exercise of some kind. And I must keep as quiet as possible, or inflammation is liable to set in somewhere, most likely in my head."

"Well, well!" said Dr. Evers, "you understand your case perfectly, young man. Now all you have to do is to govern yourself according to your own knowl-

edge of these facts, and you will get along all right."

But Ted, and the other boys too, found it more difficult to keep to the prescribed rules in the case than one might imagine who had never had experience in such an affair. Ted's thinking powers were exceptionally quick and active now, and it was actually painful for him to lie still there, bandaged up as he was, and not even give vent to his thoughts by talking. But instead of being flighty and talking at random, as the doctor and the boys had feared he might do, his mind was clear and bright, and he said nothing that sounded irrational during the whole period of his enforced quietude.

After his lengthened fasting his increased appetite was very hard to control. And Ted did show a wonderful master will in the governmental powers which he exercised over himself, refusing to take even as much as was allowed him at times, because he knew he would be better with less. He gained the admiration and confidence of Dr. Evers so completely, because of the strength of character thus shown, that the doctor declared that he would offer to help him in the study of medicine, and gladly take him as a partner as soon as he should become able for such work.

"He would make a splendid physician and surgeon!" the doctor remarked to the other boys, and they all rejoiced in hearing such praise spoken for poor Ted.

But the worst trial came yet, when after another week, the invalid began to feel the need of sleep, which had gradually departed from him, and refused to return. Restless and hard indeed seemed his lot now. Even this difficulty, however, was at length remedied. Jem discovered the restorative by accident, and was elated at having done so.

Carl and Digit had gone to town with shoes and eggs for customers, and Jem

was working about the house, when for the first time in many days, he forgot himself and commenced singing a tender, pathetic song, in a low, sweet voice.

Presently he was brought to a realization of what he was doing by hearing Ted breathe as if he had fallen asleep. The singing was suddenly checked when the sound of the sleeper's breathing also changed; and Jem saw that his brother stirred as if disturbed in his light sleep. Again, Jem sang softly and again his brother's breathing showed that he slept.

Then Jem knew he had found a remedy for Ted's restlessness, and gratefully he sang in his most soothing voice, many little songs and hymns which he had memorized by accident or for mere pleasure, with no thought of such blessed profit.

"Of course, mothers sing their babies to sleep. Why didn't we think of that before, I wonder?" Jem said to himself.

When he told the boys on their return Carl answered with a smile, "I have good news, too, Jemmy, a splendid order for a fine pair of shoes. High price and sure, prompt pay."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## THE LETTER-BOX.

### The Ricks Academy.

IONA, IDAHO.

A word for our dear Academy:

Last year was my first, but not my last year to attend the Ricks Academy, which is located at Rexburg, about thirty-five miles north of here.

It is a magnificent building, made of white sandstone. It is built on a small hill south of town and away from the busy hum of the city, just far enough away for a pleasant walk every morning.

The Academy is three stories high. On the third floor we find a lovely audi-



torium, which will seat from four to five hundred people. The students march to and from this room every morning for devotional exercises.

I have heard some girls and boys say that they would not like to attend the Academy because they could not go to parties. Of course we can't go to every party that may be given, because parties and studies do not always go well together, as we all know. But every Friday night there is a lecture, a dance, or some kind of entertainment going on for the students to attend; so it is not "all work and no play," as some boys and girls think it is.

can say for one that it has been the happiest school year, and the best school I ever attended. They have from the seventh grade to the third year normals, inclusive, and the winter course, business students and missionaries, also special studies after three o'clock.

I would urge the boys and girls who live in towns near by to attend the Ricks Academy, and you will say, my dear young friends, as I say now, "It is the best school I ever attended."

From your friend,  
ELLA ROCKWOOD,

Answer and Charade.

ENTERPRISE, UTAH.

Dear Max:

I think I have guessed your charade right. The name is George Q. Cannon. I have guessed yours; now who can guess mine?

I am composed of thirteen letters.

3, 12, 4 is something which most farmers keep.

3, 2, 7, 13, 12 is a habitation.

1, 6, 11, 12 is a girl's name.

13, 10, 7, 8 is something which everybody has.

5, 2, 8, 12 is a piece of wood.

9 is the same letter as 1.

My whole is the name of a great naval hero.

SUSANNAH FACKRELL,  
Aged 13 years.

#### A Snake Bite Healed.

GUADELUPE, MEXICO.

One day my brother went to drive cows to the pasture and a rattlesnake bit him on the foot. The Elders administered to him and he was healed. I am seven years old.

ROLLA ALLRED.

#### A Newsy Letter.

FRUITLAND, NEW MEXICO.

Mama always reads the Letter-Box to us. We love to hear that and the other nice stories in the JUVENILE. We have a good Sunday School and Primary here. The grasshoppers and worms are destroying the gardens and a good many of the crops. The San Juan river has been higher this summer than we have ever known it to be before. There have been ten persons drowned.

LAVELL WASHBURN.

#### THE COST OF DISCOVERING AMERICA

THE discovery of America, according to documents found in the archives of Genoa cost a little more than \$7,000. The fleet of Columbus was of the value of about \$3,000, while the salary of the admiral amounted to about \$300 a year. The two captains who accompanied the expedition received a salary of \$200 and the members of the crew were paid at a rate of 10s a month each. Columbus evidently got nothing for his share of the job.

The Japanese poetically term wrinkles "the waves of old age."



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Am

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?

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Came

I  
?

Why  
Am

I  
Here  
?

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Am

I  
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